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Subject: Treasure that Cannot be Stolen.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OF

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

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TREASURE THAT CANNOT BE STOLEN.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—MATT. VI. 19, 20.

The instinct of property is one which distinguishes between human beings and the members of the animal kingdom beneath them. There is the germ and rudiment of this disposition to store up property shown in some animals, in that they store up their food; but beside this there is no prevision in the animal kingdom to any considerable extent; there is no power of projecting thought into the future, and organizing the present in reference to some remote period.

This instinct of property seems to have been one of those faculties which generated the power of foresight, which is nearly connected with faith; so that it is remotely suggestive of, associated with, analogous to, a semi-moral quality.

The acquisition, organization, management and enjoyment of wealth, are, and have been, the grand stimulants of industrial life; and industrial life itself has been the foundation of morality; and morality is the only proper foundation of true spirituality.

Up to a certain point, then, the pursuit of wealth is made, by divine providence, a means of development and civilization. It plays a part in civil life which is not to be ignored, and certainly not to be denounced. Nor should we expect, if the word of God be truly his revelation, that he would beat down with his right hand those truths which he organizes and supervises with his left; or that he would say to men in the outward life, "Labor, save, organize," while at the same time he said, "Lay not up treasure upon earth."

Only to a limited degree, however, has business capacity, with the wealth which flows from it, power to civilize, and to ameliorate the human condition. It works up to a certain point well. If it stops there it is in coincidence with divine providence. If it attempt to go beyond that, it becomes discordant, and meets with spiritual opposition,

SUNDAY MORNING, Oct. 3, 1869.—LESSON: Matt. VI. 19-34. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 816, 898, 907.

not simply in the great realm of cause and effect, but also in the realm of revealed spiritual truth.

As a lower part of God's economy, as among the early foundations and material elements, the desire for wealth, and all those means of procuring it which these desires inspire, are beneficial; but they must stop at the point where God designed that they should stop. Beyond that, other elements must come in. If carried beyond their proper bounds, they cause as much mischief as in their right degree they produce happiness and prosperity.

It is this truth, that *riches contribute to happiness*, which all the world has learned, but learned without degree of knowledge. It is a special truth, limited; but it has been taken for a generic truth, unlimited. There is a general impression that riches may make a man perfectly happy:—not that they always do, because men do not know how to use them; but that if men knew how to use them they would; that there is, somehow, and somewhere, locked up in them, the secret of universal happiness.

The other truth, that *riches alone can make no man happy*, has had expositors in every age. There have been some philosophical or moral teachers who have shown that mere property cannot build up manhood. And there are among men some who recognize this truth practically and thoroughly. Among us there are some. In the great roaring maelstrom over the way, there are a few. The best men that live on the continent live in New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and Washington. The nearer men live to hell, the better they are—if they are good! Their gilt is fire-burnt, and does not easily rub off. A man who, under severe and terrific and various temptation, is able to maintain a pure spiritual manhood; a man who has fought the battle of manhood, at the very jaws of perdition, and has been conqueror, and stands up as conqueror, is a better man than he who has had no experience and no battle at all to fight. Therefore I say that in Wall Street there are as good men as there are anywhere on the face of the globe. You shall find men there that have been tempered, disciplined, proved—and not found wanting. I do not think that they march in platoons and regiments; but there are some. And in every age there have been men who have gained wealth, and employed it, and yet known that it was but their servant. And never will it go higher than the pocket. Never will it go as high as the heart. "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them," said the psalmist. There are men who know how to follow that injunction, and who do it. There are only a few, but there are a few, who are practically free from the illusion of the illimitable power of wealth for the production of happiness.

There are others who, under whip and spur of preaching, externally,

professionally, perfunctorily believe the same thing. There are a great many of you who will sit here, the banks being shut, and the stores being shut, and no business being transacted, and a better class of faculties being evoked, and operative, and will listen while sweet memories and a thousand tender associations are awakened in you, and I discourse to you upon the relations of wealth to the spiritual and social elements; and you will bow your head and believe what I say, for the time being, sincerely, but not potentially. As soon as you are fairly free from Sunday, you will be fairly free from the Sunday sermon, and fairly free from the effects of it. You not only will be free from it, but you will look back upon it as a pleasant song; as something sweet.

While the young man is in the gay circle in the evening, and stands in the charmed *coterie*, and the sweet sentiment is warbled from both the keys and the lips, it seems to him that nothing was ever more enchanting and more divine than that thin and slazy song, that touches every feeling in him. But to-morrow morning, when he girds himself for the day's duty, he feels, "I have that proud man, and this stern man, and these complicated difficulties to encounter, and I must buckle myself to the battle." And in the pauses and intervals of this tremendous daily struggle he thinks of that song of the evening before, and it seems to him like the merest illusion of the most evanishing dream. The idea that such a thing as that should be thought a matter worthy a man's attention seems absurd.

And that is about the category into which sermons go. On Sunday, sermons are of interest to us, very likely; but on Monday they are like a song that was sung, and that died on the ear in the utterance. And men ridicule on Monday things that they thought well of on Sunday. Where, for instance, a man has been fortunate, and made an uncommonly large deposit, his friend nudges him as they go along the street, and says, "I thought you understood yesterday that riches were dangerous!" "Dangerous?" says the man—"well, yes; but I like danger!" And the pleasant conversation and banter goes on. "The minister tells men that their riches bring care and vexation," says the man; "and yet, I think for half a million I would be willing to bear cares and vexations." And so he dismisses it with a skeptical sneer of mirth. Another man says, "My minister told me yesterday that riches brought unhappiness; I think I should like to be made unhappy! I think a million's worth of unhappiness would do me good!" And so men talk about it. But not here. Not when the minister goes to see them—if he ever does go to see them—and talks with them. When, however, they get into the other sphere, the world sphere, and spiritual truth is seen, not in its proper light, but as it looks when men get into the dust and magnifying vapors of business,

then they change. The very men who on Sunday sentimentally thought there was danger in wealth, and that its delight was overestimated, and that its power to produce soul-treasure was not so great as men supposed—those very men, on Monday, and on all the other days of the week, are of a different feeling.

Even good men have this mania—for it is a mania. It is a passion. It rises in men like an inflammation; it ferments in men like leaven—and more and more, all the week, the further they get from Sunday. And they are amazed, when Sunday comes round again, to see how great a gulf they have to leap in order to stand where they stood last Sunday.

Thus, in certain moods, in their moments of excitement, in their lower moral states and ranges, men—even good men, who know better—come to have the feeling that is common to the great herd in the world; namely, that although riches, in some mysterious sense, are not adequate to all the wants of life, yet, taking one thing with another, there is no one way in which a man in this world can be so much a man, and make so much show, and gather so much happiness, and do so much good, as by being a rich man.

That one gate—broad is the road that leads to it. And vast are the portals. An iron gate, it is. Gold is within. And around about it are vast multitudes scrambling, fighting, and contesting each other, to see who shall first enter the kingdom of Mammon!

Now, the spirit of our Lord's teaching is not that it is wicked to seek wealth, or to be rich. The spirit of our Lord's teaching is theological and ideal, and is to be so construed. The Sermon on the Mount, in all its parts, holds up the whole and complete truth, the absolute and final form of the disclosure of truth. Christ does not say to us, therefore, that riches are useless, but that the sources of true and abiding happiness cannot be filled by men's riches alone. There is a treasure which is not subject to the fluctuations and dangers and temptations of worldly wealth; and our Master says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth"—that is, distinctively, characteristically, as though they were the treasures of your life. He does not say that you shall not have an earthly treasure; but exhorts you, in laying up your *ideal* treasure, not to let it be that worldly treasure which is subject to all the fluctuations of property. He says, "Lay up for yourselves another kind of treasure. Open other sources of supply which are higher and nobler. Lay up for yourselves treasures, primarily and distinctively, in heaven." In the context he says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." And, as evidence that he does not believe, and does not mean to teach us to believe, that property, or the acquisition of it, is wicked, he adds, "All these things shall

be added unto you." It is therefore a question of supremacy, and priority, and relative emphasis. Of the two courses, earthly and heavenly, which should a man mainly seek after?

What, then, are those treasures which we are to lay up in Heaven, and which are invulnerable? Look at the things that you call treasures, and see which of all them you probably could lay up in Heaven. It surely cannot be money. That you cannot deposit there. It cannot be houses, and warehouses, and shops, and ships. There is no harbor for ships there. There is no place for goods nor for warehouses there. It cannot be bonds nor bills receivable. It cannot be any of the signs and symbols of wealth. None of these can be laid up in Heaven, because they all belong to an earthly state. You cannot carry your foot there, nor that which covers it. Both foot and sandal go to the dust alike. You cannot carry your hand there, nor the tool that your hand uses. You cannot carry your body there, nor the raiment that covers it. Both of these belong to dust, and dust is inexorable in its claims. You cannot carry there one single element of that which you intensely strive for, and strive for not without good reason, if your strife is restrained and limited by a higher truth, as I shall show. All those treasures which are distinctively known as treasures in this world, stop this side of heaven. It is in this sense that it is declared, that *we came naked into the world, and that naked we shall go out;* that *we brought nothing in, and can carry nothing out.* This is absolutely true in respect to property, and all aggrandizements. It is absolutely *not* true in respect to anything else. Because, we brought nothing into this world, but we carry a great deal out, of some things. We came in a mass of pulp; we came in a quantity of mere germs. We have fashioned these germs, we have developed them, we have pruned them, and trained them, and we are to carry out vast faculties, and voluminous characters. It is in a physical, but not in a spiritual sense, that we carry nothing out of this world.

Neither can we carry out of this life the ambition, the influence, and the power, that we have here, and that are eminent treasures. If you know no more than how to build, and you are famed and skilled as an architect or as a mechanic, this is very well; but, after all, it is in the lower sphere. There will be no houses for you to build in heaven. There will be no such cities there as there are here. And if you know only what belongs to the business of an architect or a mechanic, what chance will there be for you in the other life? A man whose business it is to sell fuel would have a poor trade in the great desert of Sahara, where there is nobody to buy and where everything is red-hot the year round! It is a very poor business that a man will have in the other world who carries out nothing which has any relation

whatever to that world, and only that which has relation to this life. There may be a kind of ambition and influence that will go out with us; but that which is ordinarily called by these names—the baser coin or dross of ambition and influence that is scraped up in this life—happily that will all stop in this world. It will not go beyond the grave. Death is a strainer; and there are multitudes of things that men much value here which are rubbish at the mouth of the grave. They are not permitted to go through.

It must, then, be some such property or treasure as can pass the ordeal of death, that we are to lay up in heaven. It must be some treasure that we are to lay up, not by literal carriage or transfer; not by throwing it actually over.

We sometimes, living in one country, draw our funds and invest them in another. Men who fear a revolution in Germany have money in London and New York. Men who are afraid that some war or intestine convulsion will drive them out of France,—crowned heads, men of eminence, statesmen,—diffuse widely their property, so that if they ever become pilgrims they may not be poverty-stricken. They draw their funds and invest them elsewhere, so that if they are driven into exile they shall not be destitute.

We cannot do that with heavenly treasures literally. We cannot send forward any bills of exchange. If we are going to lay up treasures in heaven, we must have some way of laying them up in ourselves here, beforehand.

What, then, are those things which we can lay up: and what are those which we cannot? What can we carry through: and what can we not?

All the pleasures of sense will cease here. The ministry of the eye, for which God be thanked every day that we live; and the ministry of the ear—that avenue through which, oh! what noble songs and anthems have walked—are subordinate and low. The eye fades, and the ear grows deaf, and the tongue is palsied. All these faithful stewards of God's mercies to us are but for our earthly state, and they will end with death. And though we make our eye doubly sharp by scientific training, and though our ear becomes exquisite by the variation and combination of sound, these are after all earthly treasures. We cannot carry them through.

Nor are the pleasures or the treasures of the appetites to go beyond this life. They serve a wise purpose, and in a proper use they are subject-matters for gratitude to God. All physical enjoyment is right within due bounds. God meant the world to be a good world to man, and meant man to be happy in the world—not, perhaps, in this age, or the next age; but comprehensively, the generic creative idea was to

build a world fitted for men, and with conditions favorable to their happiness here. Why, there is a spring for it in every part of a man's nature, from his toe to his head, in and out, everywhere. God created the body royally, and foreshadowed in it what he would do for the higher part of man—the inward and spiritual nature.

As I have said, the treasure of ambition, and influence, and honor, and power, and distinction, all goes to the dust. Men walk as kings to the dust. They are beggars thereafter. They are stripped at the grave, and tumbled and rolled into the dirt. And the first and highest are the meanest and the last, often, the moment they step through the portal of death. They cannot carry these things beyond.

But how is it with the reason? Suppose we have stored that; built it amply, and made it sensitive to truth? Suppose we have so trained the reason, by conscience, that we abhor lies, and exaggerations as parts of lies? Suppose we have made ourselves not only sensitive to truth, but lovers of truth, so that our reason is, as it were, a mighty influence going abroad upon wings every whither, seeking to know the truth in men, on earth, in heaven, in God, everywhere? Knowledge will not necessarily pass through the grave, but the reason will. That will go on. It is a part of our immortality, and will enter the other world as we have trained it. If we have trained it so that it is bound hand and foot—crippled; if we have mutilated it; or if it has shrunk for want of use, it goes through just in that condition. Just as we have dealt with it, just as we have builded it, just as we have educated it, so we carry it on.

I do not think that a man, dying, carries all his affections into the other life. It may be a part of the pain of the world to come, that men go out and live still, in their bodily conditions, as they live here, and have all their intemperate and uproarious appetites upon them forever and forever; but I do not believe that the saintly throng carry with them into the other world those passions which make the waters of life turbid here. The instincts which were meant for the propagation of the race, and for the feeding of the propagated body; those lower and basilar appetites which evidently belong to the flesh, and which feed the flesh, and are suitable to the flesh—I do not believe that we are to have use for these forever and forever. The immortality of the soul lies in the upper range of the soul—not in those clamps and screws by which we are fastened down, as it were, to the hull of this ship in which we are sailing here. The feelings in the upper range grow broader, and are immortal, and the reason among them; and as we have trained the reason here, so it shall begin there. If it is royal in its new birth, it begins its new career royally; but if it is shriveled and shrunk, it begins its career accordingly. Every man that is con-

scientiously a lover of the truth, and is making his reason clearer, stronger, more comprehensive, less bound and limited by prejudices and passions, and less eaten by the rust of laziness—that man is laying up treasure for heaven; and in this sense, in heaven. He certainly is laying it up so that it will find its way there. And no young man that loves intelligence, no young maiden who loves to make her reason more resplendent than personal charms, will ever forget it or be sorry for it in the kingdom of heaven. That is something which goes on, and beyond this mortal sphere.

Suppose the soul is made rich here by a commerce of friendship in this life. It may be that there is much of friendship which is useful in its place; but which still is perishable: for friendship has a paper currency, which is symbolic of solid metal behind. There are a thousand things that we do incidentally, which tend to lubricate the way of life, and make it full of respects; but they belong really to this lower world. They are the circulating medium of friendship here. But it is true that they who purify friendship, who deepen it, who strengthen it; they who believe in the household, and all the sweet affinities of it; they who learn to love their fellow man, to live by their sympathies one with another, in their generosities, in trust, in the interchange of congeniality, and disinterestedness, and approval, and praise, and good will; they who, moving among men as in a vast bazaar, are perpetually interchanging the stores of love, and taste, and kindness, and friendship, who are polishing the links of friendship, and making them brighter and brighter all their life long—they may not carry into the other life precisely those ways, and habits of interchange which are peculiar to our relations in this world; but those faculties which have been exercised in friendship, and have grown to it, and been educated to it, go up and are stored full of the seeds of everlasting happiness. Blessed were they here; but ah! the fruitions of this world are nothing to the harvests of single kernels which will wave a hundredfold in the other life.

Lay up a great deal in your hearts. It does not matter whether you lay up in your pocket or not; but see to it that the reason is stored full. See to it that the affections are educated, and widened, and deepened. Woe be to that man who uses his affections as a barter and a bribe for outward wealth that perishes. How many men there are who utterly desecrate their house and their household as an outfold, as it were. A mere place for eating and sleeping, a scouring house and bath-room, a mere dormitory, it is. It should be the gate of heaven. It should be the Lord's school. It should be a place of sweetness, of all delicacies and refinements, of all culture. And standing not far from the eternal shrine, there, in the household, whether it be hard, or whether it be easy, men should put their heart to school, that it may

learn how to be heavenly. And yet how many men there are who regard their house as only a place for rest and repair. It is to them just what an old engine house is at a railway station, where engines are shoved in and cleaned and oiled and repaired, and then shoved out upon the road again. Men make their houses just like a cleaning and repairing shop, instead of making them the Lord's school, and a place for laying up treasure in their higher sentiments.

He that is a good man at home is apt to be a good man abroad. No man could carry the sun in a dark lantern. It would drive itself out of it by the intensity of its light. A man whose heart is really radiant cannot help showing it everywhere—in the car, in the stage-coach, on the prairies, in the distant mine, or on the sea. Even a man that is sea-sick, if he is a true gentleman, is different from any body else; and if there is a greater test than that I do not know what it is!

There are insects that fly at night, phosphorescing light when they have a mind to, flashing and shutting up, like Christians that flash on Sunday, and shut up all the week, flying through the dust of business! Such are not our models.

I go into my garden, and collect a handful of fragrant leaves and blossoms—this leaf of geranium, and that leaf of sweet-scented verbena; this blossom of mignionette, and that blossom from yonder bush—and carrying them in my hand, in a thoughtful mood, and forgetful, (for forgetting and thinking are twin brothers,) at last I put them heedlessly in my pocket. They are now hid. I go into my house, and instantly the little prattler comes running about me, and says, "What you got?" "I have got nothing," I say. Presently my friends, coming around me, commence snuffing, and saying "You have a perfume about you." I cannot keep the secret. It will out. If I do not tell it, it will *smell* itself out. These fragrant leaves and blossoms that I carry concealed from view, send out fragrance so that everybody knows that I have some sweet-smelling substance about me.

A man who has really trained his heart in friendship and enriched his affections, so that he is generous and noble, cannot keep it secret. The fragrance of it will diffuse itself, whether he wants to have it or not. It will go wherever he goes, and make itself manifest.

What is the reason that when you go into certain companies you take to some men? You say of one, "He was the homeliest man I ever saw, and yet, though I do not know him, there is something that draws me to him." There is such a thing as the elective affinity of a generous nature. Large-hearted men, loving men, trusting men, that beget trust, carrying themselves not closely, not secretively, but openly and frankly, cannot disguise themselves. Children know them, and

dogs know them. Dogs often are wiser than men; and they know whom to go to, and whom to avoid.

There is a natural language of every feeling. A man may be as good as any man on earth; but if he is proud, there is an element of coldness about him which strikes through. If a man is selfish, he may smile, but it will be like the glinting of the sun on an iceberg—bright, but oh! how cold! If a man be a true man, and he is warm and generous at the heart, and cultivated, and condescending as well, all among whom he goes will see it. He cannot hide it. Let a man develop his reason royally, and his affections nobly, and he will have treasures laid up in heaven. You may be sure of that.

There is another tendency of our nature which we think but little of, but which is vital, and that is aspiration. We are accustomed to say "Excelsior," in fun or not as the case may be; but, after all, that on which it is based is the principle of aspiration, which the Scripture calls *hope*, declaring that "we are saved by hope." In other words, it is that tendency of the mind by reason of which it is never contented to remain in a lower state, but always wants to go on to a higher one, and carry every quality up and make it larger and finer. It is that tendency which leads beings created in matter to work their way out of matter toward spirit, and, feeling the inspiration of their higher life, to work up thitherward all the time.

This principle of aspiration, which takes away vulgar content, or takes away a man's conceit of supposing that he knows enough, or is good enough, is eternal; and, in its relations to the future and to immortal happiness, is past all measuring. That principle we are to store full. We are to lay up treasures in this regard.

But then, there is that grand and inexhaustible treasure-house of love—love to God, and love to man. This love includes that beneficence, that sympathy, that elective affinity, by which you are led to do good to a man who is your inferior, because you esteem the qualities of excellence which you see in him as belonging to his being, independent of the quality of character.

This whole mood, which renders every creature that has sentient life something to you; which does not stop with men; which takes in the animal kingdom; which takes in everything that creeps and swims and flies; which takes in organized vitality throughout the world, and gives it importance to you; this noble out-pouring of a true divine nature, which seeks to bless, and which chiefly admires and loves that it may bestow benefaction—that is a treasure-house, Oh! how ample!

There is no hell for love, nor can there be. Not the right hand of divine omnipotence could make love miserable in hell, nor anywhere. There is but one place that love can dwell in, and that is heaven; and

heaven to love is everywhere. Where it is, is heaven; and where heaven is, is blessedness, and bliss.

Sometimes men say, "I have practised these virtues which you tell about; but I do not think they amount to anything." Did you suppose they did in Fulton Market? Was it your idea, when I told you that *godliness was profitable in all things*, that if you practiced the Christian virtues they would come back to you in the shape of coal, and quarters of beef, and revenues? If so, you are looking for treasures which can only be laid up in this world, instead of those treasures which preëminently are laid up in heaven; which make that part of your nature rich which is to live after death; which is essentially divine; in which immortality resides; which is in sympathy with God and God's great society of angels; and which is to be in sympathy with the spirits of just men made perfect, and in sympathy with all that is good and just in the time past and in the time to come on earth, and is to be in sympathy with all that is to make you wise and happy here, safe in dying, and rich beyond all estimate in the other world.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt"—and it seems to me that never more than to-day was there a peculiar and ringing significancy in the other part of it—"where thieves do not break through nor steal." The world in which there are no thieves must be a heaven! "Live," says the spirit of inspiration, "for that kind of treasure; and while you are living here on earth, see that you live so that you will have it. If you have the other kind, it will not hurt you for this world, but *seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.*"

That is just what you will not do. Every man of you says, "First I am going to succeed and get to the top of my profession; and then, having secured all the outlets and inlets, I am going, in the tower of my strength, to be a Christian man. Let me get my riches first. Weakness must employ cunning. You cannot expect that a man, while he is struggling to get out of the water and on to the shore will practice a dancing master's paces. I intend to get wealth first; and then I intend to be a Christian man. When I have become rich I mean to be a good man.

There will not be any room left then. Men who seek first the kingdom of this world and its best excellency, when they come afterwards to seek the kingdom of glory, have no place to put it in.

And that is not the worst of it, my friends. You, except to a very limited extent, take the very best things that are in you as barter for the poor perishable things of this world. How many are there of you that so love the truth that, when you are brought to that point in which the glozing of a lie will avert the flash of disapprobation, do

not tell the vailing lie to cover your moment's suffering? You do not love the truth so much as you do your own miserable reputation. You do not love the truth above all price. You use it as a coin to buy a moment's exemption from pain. How many of you say, "Why yes, wealth is a thing to be desired, but I cannot pay out this treasure for it. My soul-treasure is worth more to me than any wealth is, or ever can be?" How many men go into the street with that feeling? There are some that have it; but how many? How many men are there who, when it comes to the doubtful conflict, to the heat of the battle, to the rush and roar; when it is "every man for himself," and "Save who can"—how many are there who then remember that truth, honor, justice, love, every one of them, is supreme, and has the image and superscription of God on it? How many men remember Calvary, how many men remember Gethsemane, in the mighty vortices of business? Jesus Christ, when all the world of darkness, with its surging influences swept about him, and his heart and soul sank, and he sweat, as it were, drops of blood, clung still to the sweet and spiritual purity of love, and would not, in the extremest hour, give up the sacrifice by which the world was to be redeemed. But how many of us, when our Gethsemane comes, will not sell Christ, and sell everything in us that he has created, and rub out the picture that he has been laboriously drawing on our souls for years and years? How many men are there that do not put their Master to an open shame when there comes to be a competition between the treasures of the upper soul, and the treasures of the lower nature?

I do not stand here to undervalue wealth; but I say that wealth is not worth the snap of your finger in comparison with some other things. Why, I could make you hiss and deride a man who would sell himself for money. I would paint the picture of one who had been a good man, and was left the protector of orphan children that were heirs of a great estate, and who, when the time came that he could do it without anybody's knowing it, slipped this estate into his own hands, and threw the blame upon some one else, making it appear, perhaps, that the man who left the estate left it carelessly. I would paint the picture of a man who, after going through a struggle in his mind, and weighing the matter, agreed to commit this deed, and sold his soul to Satan, and appropriated the property of these poor orphans, and left them dependent on the charity of the world. How would you hate and despise such a man! But *ye are the men!* Whenever you barter a principle for the sake of a little advantage in a bargain, you sell yourself for gold. Whenever you lie for the sake of an advantage, you sell yourself. Every time you take advantage of a man meanly, you sell yourself. Every time you betray honor and trust, you are a Judas. Every time

you varnish a man with smiles, and make him fair promises, that you may afterwards knock the feet from under his prosperity, you are the natural kindred of him who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. And, the world over, every time a man gives up a principle, a divine sentiment, a pure affection, for the sake of pitiable pelf, he is a traitor to God, and a traitor to that which God has redeemed by the power of the blood of Jesus Christ—his own soul. He sets himself against the kingdom of God. He is against himself, and against his Maker, and against the offers of holiness. Woe be to that man who takes the bribe and plays traitor!

Oh! that the children of content, who never sought an ambition of self, would rise up. There are men who have seen this great game and conflict of life go by them, and refused to mingle in it, except so far as they could consistently. There have been a great many men who have said in themselves, "I desire only my home, my wife, and my dear children. My home is my nest. I am happy there. I want enough to see that my family have every advantage needful to their true culture and development. Beyond that I do not ask for anything." These men have sought to do good. They have illumined the dark places. They have heard the charms of wealth, letting the sounds go in their ears and out, and pass by. They have said, "What is wealth good for except as an instrument of love and refinement? What can my soul profit if it gain the whole world and lose its own purity and its own self respect? There are multitudes of men that have lived so, that are living so, and that are living happily so. Oh! that I could have an arena, and oh! that I could march through that arena, of men who have sold everything that was noble for the sake of money, and ring them, and see how much music there is in them. Oh! that I could make one after another come up to the test.

Big bells are very apt to be poorly cast. I never heard of a bell that weighed a great many thousand pounds, which, first or last, did not break. And what a sound a big bell that is broken gives!

If you take these overgrown rich men, and ring them, how little happiness you find in them! And in how many instances is the old story revived, that *molten gold is poured down the throats of rich men's children!* How many children of men who have made money are miserable creatures and die in the poor-house! Of how many rich men is it true, according to James, that *the rust of their gold and silver is a witness against them, and eats their flesh as if it were fire!* How many are there of them whose nights are turmoil, and whose days are grinding days! Not Samson, grinding in the prison-house, was more a slave than many a rich man grinding under the lash of avarice.

Rise up, widow, to say, "Though my needle is all that supports

me, I am happy from the morning till the evening." Yea, go and see her when sickness cuts off her little income, and she, though proud, must subsist upon the bread of charity, and hear her still declare that she is happy. Not far from here is such an one who for years and years has been dependent upon others for her support—a lady in the noblest sense of that term, full of refinement and graciousness and excellence; and yet, I would rather take her place and be borne in the arms of charity, than the place of the luckless millionaire of New York.

They that have soul-treasure—oh! how much are they to be envied over those who have made treasure by sacrificing everything in the soul.

Young men and maidens, I do not speak thus because it is my business to preach. It is not my *business* to preach. I do not preach because it is my business. I should preach, salary or no salary, big congregation or little congregation. I preach as birds sing, because I love to; because it is in me to do it. I do not come to you with professional airs, and false sanctities, and conventional methods. I come to you as a man to a man; as a brother to a brother. I come to you to speak God's truth, and to speak it to your consciences. And you know that there is no such happiness as that which grows out of a pure heart. You know that you are never so happy as when you live in a generous and noble mood. You know that it is the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and no other peace. There is nothing else that can meet the exigencies and troubles of this world, when sorrows come, when bereavements open the grave, when losses shatter men's property, when a man's bright name goes into eclipse; and you know it. And will you barter away this treasure of the higher life, this soul-treasure, this treasure which, when it comes to the grave of death, is beyond challenge. The grave is God's bankrupt court, which clears a man of his property and his debts at the same time.

Down to the grave comes the millionaire. "How much are you worth?" says Death. "Men call me worth thirty millions." It is not enough to pay his ferriage! But he goes through; and when he has got through, his wealth having been taken from him, he is no bigger than a mosquito! There is hardly enough of him for a nucleus to start on in the next life.

Down goes another man, followed by throngs and trumpeting bands. He steps into the house of death. The throng is hushed. All his glory is gone. There is nothing left of him; for straight and narrow is the gate through which he has passed. His soul is so small that it had no difficulty in getting through; but he has nothing beyond.

Another man dies—perhaps a poor man. They sling his coffin —an old pine box, hardly stained—into a rude wagon without springs,

and get a nimble boy to drive him off, and he is buried in a remote corner among strangers. And nobody cares. His dying is not so much as the dropping out of a punctuation point from the sentence of life—and much less a letter or word. He draws near to the gate of Death, and Death rises to greet him. For Death is good to those who are fit to die. With open arms the pauper is taken. And oh! how wondrous now is his beauty! How now, as he passes into the other life, angels come flocking to him! How, now the radiant vista opens before him! And how, in the center, rises He that is "Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely," to say, "Welcome! welcome!" Is this some crowned prince? Is this some monarch's son? No; this is a pauper of this world. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

In these days of racket and confusion and excitement, men and brethren, do not forget your reason, do not forget your moral sense; do not forget the truths which your mother taught you; do not forget the truths which make the memory of home and of your venerable parents so serene and sweet to you. Remember this: "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things—all other necessary things of life—food, raiment, and houses, "shall be added unto you."

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

O thou that hast borne the sin of the world, thou that art bearing its sorrow, thou that leadest thy people like a flock, hear our supplication, and draw near to us; for thou dost carry our burdens when we cast them upon thee. Thou dost forgive our sins, and heal our iniquities. Thou dost labor, not only to hold us back from evil, but to cure the poison of evil in us; and we draw near to thee as the Source of all good. Our life has its springs in thine. We are more truly allied to thee than to the beasts. Though we are clothed with the body, thou, too, hast had the human form; and though we are set upon by the temptations of the flesh, and by this world around about us, that seeks entrance through every avenue of sense, thou hast been tried in all points like as we are, yet without sin, and art able to succor them that are tempted, in that thou hast been thyself tempted. Thou hast made full proof of all that this world can do upon any. And there is no gale that can blow that hath not beaten upon thy sails. There is no darkness that can be darker than thy midnight. There is no sorrow that can throw waves higher than those that beat over thy defenceless head. Thou knowest, and hast taken the gauge, of all human affliction; and thou wert able to sustain it, and to carry it forward; for thou wert a man, and didst walk as a man, and feel as a man, and think as a man. Thou didst bear the load of this world's trouble and temptation and trial, and yet without flinching, without falling, without turning back, without sin; and thou art able now to succor all, since thou hast borne upward thine earthly nature again into the glory of the heavenly estate, uniting God and man, and showing us that we all are one, and that there is no wide gulf or separation between us—that we are of one household, one family, one likeness, and one nature. Thou hast there in thy high and heavenly estate still the sympathy which thou didst gather up among men upon the earth, and art the Savior. To thee may come every one. The crying child to thee may come, though struggling with inexperience. To thee may come age and its various burdens. Thou art with those that are busy in the battle of life; and thou art with those who sit over against Jerusalem at evening under the palm. Thou lovest to be in solitude, and thou lovest to be in the populous city. Thou art with thy people in the wilderness, and in the mart, and everywhere, and dost know all their feelings and trials, and art the Savior of all those that need thee, both as an example and as a sympathetic friend. Thou art a God of sympathy and love, long-suffering, and slow to anger, and abundant in mercy. And we rejoice in thee, and draw near to thee this morning, with the humble confidence, nay, with the boldness which love inspires. We lay our hands upon thee. Thou art ours. We lay our hands on thine heart, crowned with love, and we are royal, and stand around about thee. More reason than had the angels who kept their first estate have we for gladness and gratitude. Rescued and reared up from degradation of sin, and built up into the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus, how wondrous shall be our song, and the realization of our experience in that heavenly land!

And now, we beseech of thee, thou that didst guide thy people through the wilderness, that thou wouldst guide us. Let not our feet go astray. Let not our heart give way to unbelief. Let not the eternal verities fade out of our sight, and things that perish take their place. Grant, we pray thee, that the world may be subdued by faith; that we may have power given us to overcome everything, always, everywhere, not in our own strength, but in the all-conquering name of Jesus. Fight thou in our right hands. Stand thou sentinel in our hearts. Be the Captain of salvation in every conflict for us, that we may not separate ourselves from thee for one moment, but may dwell in the indivisible bond and kingdom of love, and be thine, as thou art ours, that thy victories may be thy glory, and our victories may be thine honor and thy joy.

We beseech of thee, O Lord, that thou wilt advance us step by step. May we have the testimony every year that we are growing nearer to the likeness of Christ. May we see some powers weakened, not by physical might, but by the strength of grace. May we see some acquisitions, and some victories. May we find richness added to some qualities, and a larger dominion given to others. May we be able to resist temptation with more facility, and walk everywhere with more manliness, and adorn the name and doctrine of Jesus Christ more and more to the very end.

Bless all the members of this Church. Bless the families that are represented in it, and all the dear children that belong to them. Be near to our Sabbath-schools and Bible classes. We pray that the superintendents and teachers and officers may be sanctified of God, and made able ministers of the word. We pray that thou wilt bless not only those that are in the Church, but those that are in any way connected with it. Bless all the region round about it. Bless all churches. Grant that their conspiring lights may shine as so many stars of glory in the vault of heaven, and that the whole earth may receive the power and the blessedness and the sweetness of the Gospel of Christ. Send abroad those that shall preach, more and more. Bless those who labor for the establishment of schools and academies and colleges. Bless those who diffuse sound and useful knowledge from day to day, and from week to week. Bless those who teach in poor and waste places, and among the neglected and outcast. May those who thus humble themselves into obscurity and contempt in imitation or their divine Master that they may raise up the lowest and make them wise unto salvation, have thy presence evermore with them; and in their hut and hovel may they find the light of God's countenance more than the light of the sun. And we pray that the leaven which they are infusing, the seeds of thought which they are implanting in dark minds, may have the power of the invisible and omnipotent resting upon them. And we pray that from the beginning to the end, from the foundation to the topmost stone, from side to side, around about, within and without, this nation may be seasoned and sanctified with the spirit of the living God. May truth, and justice, and purity, and love, be the bonds that shall hold us together. And we pray that thou wilt overturn ignorance, and destroy superstition, and take away cruelty, and avarice, and greed, and all our enemies, and all the enemies of mankind; and hasten the day of brotherhood in Christ Jesus, when all the world shall love, and Christ shall come to dwell a thousand years among us.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt bless us in the word which we have spoken. Prepare us to live better lives for the light of thy truth, and for its warmth. Deliver us from the temptations which are stronger than our will. Send thy providence, and the ministrations of thine angels, that we may be borne up, lest at any time we dash our foot against a stone.

We beseech of thee, O Lord, bless those that are in distress, and those that are suddenly overwhelmed with disasters, and often disasters which their own infatuation and folly have brought upon them. May their suffering hearts have power from above, and have such strange lessons of God's mercy that they shall learn the better way out of their misfortunes in this world's rude experience.

O Lord God! have compassion upon souls, and teach us to have compassion upon souls. Pour thine own nature into ours, that we may live to make men better, and to be better ourselves; to make men happier, and to be happier ourselves. May we lay up treasures of happiness, and lay them up in that part of our nature which death cannot corrupt; which shall rise to immortality; that then, with practice, we may go on forever and forever as the sons of God.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son, and Spirit. *Amen.*

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